

## The Zealous Chaplain.

A Noble Peer, once, in the chace,  
Was from his hunter tost,  
Which prov'd a melancholy case,  
For he his manhood lost.  
His Lady pin'd away with grief;  
My Lord then gave consent,  
That she should chuse a prudent swain,  
And he would be content.  
“ My dear (said she) our Butler seems  
“ A trusty, well-bred man;  
“ Then he's in house, and we should keep  
“ This secret, if we can.”  
His Lordship much approv'd her choice;  
And strait the noble Peer  
Sent for his Butler—caution gave,  
And fifty pounds a year.  
The Chaplain one day peeping, saw  
What wicked things were done;  
And, fir'd with zeal, or envy, he  
Thus to his Lord begun:  
“ Beneath your roof such doings are,  
“ As make me quite ashamed;  
“ And, spite of all my zeal and care,  
“ Your Lady will be d——d.  
“ Discharge me, if you please, my Lord,  
“ I can no longer dwell  
“ Among a wicked, graceless crew,  
“ All hast'ning down to H——ll.  
His Lordship then unfolded all,  
Said 'twas by his consent;  
Desir'd the Chaplain to be mute,  
And he should not repent.  
The Chaplain's zeal, and anger too,  
Began strait to subside;  
And, with a change of look, and tone,  
Thus to his Lord reply'd:  
“ I could have done this full as well,  
“ For half that fellow's pay;  
“ Said grace at meals, play'd drafts, or cards,  
“ And read pray'rs twice a day.”